

GOOD LIVER REMEDY FREE

When you suffer from any form of indigestion it is always well to take something for the liver, as usually the trouble lies there. If you are bilious, have a bloated feeling after eating, if you belch, if your skin is yellowish you may be sure it is liver trouble.

What you need is something to stir up the liver, to arouse the gastric juices so that they will aid in the digestion of your food. A very good remedy for this, and one highly recommended by those who have used it, is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which you can obtain of any druggist at fifty cents or one dollar a bottle. But if you have any doubt about its merits, and would prefer to try it first, send your address to Dr. Caldwell and he will promptly send you a free sample bottle.

Thousands of people first learned

of this remarkable cure for stomach, liver and bowel troubles through a free sample. Mrs. Frank Lilly of Plainview, Ill., sent for one and it cured her and she is open in saying that she will never take pills or strong cathartics again, as Syrup Pepsin acts so mildly. Mr. W. L. Bryant, the Postmaster at Sardis, Tenn., says he will never be without it again. No sick person can afford to ignore a remedy so highly endorsed as this. It is good for all the family from infancy to old age, because it is mild, free from griping and yet promptly effective. Furthermore, results are absolutely guaranteed or money will be refunded.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 402 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

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For further information, call on or write

W. H. HARRIS, Agent,
or N. T. DRAKE, T. A.

To My Friends and Home People:

I have started a Magazine and Newspaper Agency. Lowest prices on all Magazines in circulation. I ask for your orders and help in getting them from your friends.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Rosa V. Wallingford.

A Speedy Cure for

Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaints, Tired Feeling, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bad Complexion, Nervousness and all diseases of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

"Bloodline Liver Pills" act gently, yet thoroughly upon the bowels, liver, stomach and digestive organs. The pills, in old and chronic cases of constipation and indigestion, act at once, without griping, nor do they leave any unpleasant after-effects, nor form a constant habit of purging, produced by other cathartic remedies.

"Bloodline Liver Pills" restore the deranged and torpid liver to its normal condition and healthful action. Remove and prevent constipation by securing a natural and regular operation of the bowels, and relieve those unpleasant symptoms which attend a diseased or morbid condition of the liver, stomach and bowels. To assist in attaining this end, the following suggestions are offered.

REMARKS. Everyone who uses pills for their action on the liver, should know that large doses rarely prove as satisfactory as small ones. Large doses simply purge and pass out of the system, usually leaving the bowels constipated, and seldom removing the cause of the trouble, or improving the general health. On the other hand, small doses develop the alternative effect of the medicine, do not irritate or constipate the bowels, but gently stimulate the liver and prevent the accumulation of bile by directing its flow into the proper channels. Therefore it is advisable to commence by taking not over one or two pills at bedtime and increase dose as necessary.

PORTLAND, ME.
GENTS:—I find your "Bloodline Liver Pills" the most effective pill I ever used. They cause no griping or constipative after effect as most liver pills do.
Yours truly,
MRS. AMADA RICHARDSON.

Bloodline Liver Pills

a box. 5 boxes 1.00

Bloodline Ointment cures Piles. 50c a box.

W. T. Brooks, Agent.

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From Gonorrhea, Chancres, or any other venereal disease, such as Syphilis, Herpes, Boils, Pimples, Skin eruptions, Ulcers, Sores, Etc., we will send you a SPECIAL ALBUM that has been hanging on for years, containing the treatment of all venereal diseases and drugs used, and you are guaranteed a cure, because of the repeated failure of doctors who have taken your hard-earned money, giving you false promises, and making you a "victim" of their greed.

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LET US CURE YOU!

THE DESERTED BOWL

BY EMIN ELAM.

Jackson, Ky.

The Bowl Peak, whose lofty summit overlooks the other Kentucky mountains, threw a May morning shadow flittingly o'er the pretty Red river's laughing flow.

Gladys Oldfield, as usual, was walking across the green field, reading a new book; she crossed the wide sandbank, the rustic bridge, and began the ascent of the peak, a feat which might have fatigued a stronger person than herself. But she had climbed to its top many times before this morning.

When she had accomplished the climb she threw herself rather discontentedly upon a moss-carpeted knoll and looked downward. Meditatively she gazed upon the lifeless-looking town, the swaying country for miles, the glistening river that windied and wined, and caught the fragrance of a million flowers that sweetened the whole earth, it seemed.

With indifferent mien she walked down the sloping side and scrambled up a wall-like mound and over into bowl-shaped amphitheater. From this point she could plainly see her home—an humble little cottage above the town, where she lived with only her father, the editor of the town newspaper.

The amphitheater seemed to have been hollowed like a dish, and the oak foliage and flowers on its brink afforded an ideal shade; its grass covered surface resembled a parlor more than a spot on a hillside. An old tale of the town said that it had been used as a place of refuge by a notorious "moonshiner" in the pioneer days of the mountains. After he was captured and from its resemblance to a bowl it was dubbed "The Deserted Bowl."

From her father she had inherited a literary tendency, and always bought the new books.

She resumed her perusal of the one she carried, "My Own Tale," by Dean Isom, "an aristocratic young duck," as a country joke once called me," in his own words. She often spent the long summer days in the bowl, and never failed to have either a book or her sewing.

When she had finished reading the sun had dropped far down its western path.

"It never can be my luck to know such a man as Mr. Isom," she said to herself, not thinking of the impossibilities that really come to the good.

Suddenly she remembered that her father had asked her to come to his office that afternoon. But what did he want? He had not told her.

When half way down the hill she thought of having left her book in the bowl. "But I will not worry; it is safe," she said to herself.

Leisurely she descended until she had almost reached the river; then stopped and gazed at the evening sun light illumining everything with mel low light athwart the skies. Its transcendent beauty glistened on the trees and cast a resplendent glow upon the river; the waters idly kissed the banks and danced in the light; a water lily drifted by so quietly it seemed a phantom sight.

Apprehensively she resumed her trip to her father's office.

On her arrival the door stood open the windows raised and a dead calm seemed to say that something was wrong. She ran to the pressroom—and, oh! the engine had exploded. She was frightened and started home when she met the town doctor, who said, quietly, "Your father's forearm was seriously injured in an explosion and your father was—killed."

Alas! poor Gladys Oldfield was left alone in the world.

Three years afterwards Thomas Oldfield assisted Gladys into a car at the car center in Lexington. They were going to the ball park to witness a game between Hazel Green and Lexington.

Thomas Oldfield was a brother of Gladys's father, and had come into her life rather unexpectedly. He was a bachelor and had hoarded quite a fortune. His home on Broadway was enough to be proud of.

As they were purchasing their tickets for the ball game a negro boy handed Mr. Oldfield a letter. In great excitement he exhibited a thousand colors.

"Gladys we must—" he stopped abruptly, and then said: "No, here's a friend." And he introduced Dear Isom.

After Mr. Isom had agreed to take her to the game, Mr. Oldfield hurried home.

He went to his library, shut himself up and turned on the lights. After a moment's hesitation he read the letter again:

"Keep yourself skase, Mr. Oldfield; I heered them a plannin' to kill ye."

"A FREN."

It was written in a miserable hand and he was absolutely dumbfounded.

As soon as Gladys had returned he sent for her.

"Little girl, if anything happens to me, you will get my fortune," he said.

"Oh! uncle, what's wrong?" she asked.

"Go away and don't ask any questions," was his reply.

The beautiful summer days were passing unreservedly with everything save the growing friendship between Isom and Gladys.

Gladys was now a very beautiful woman; her pretty blue eyes, black hair and sweet face were almost angelic. Isom was so handsome that every girl in Lexington was compelled

to keep her heart tied. His sensitive face, intelligent eyes and every-way perfect self caused untold envy.

Their friendship had culminated into expressed love. One day while riding out in the country in his automobile they sealed their betrothal.

One week later Mr. Isom received a letter from a friend in the mountains asking him to come to the hills for a hunt. He was telling Gladys about it in the afternoon, when she suggested that she come to the mountains during the autumn and they be married there.

Within a week he was at his friend's home in Hazel Green. In September Gladys followed.

They took many rambles over the country and were planning for their marriage; he had "secured a little paper with cupid on the corner of it."

One day she determined to visit her childhood haunt, the bowl; for it is Hazel Green that the bowl peak overshadows. As she entered the bowl who should be standing in it but Dean Isom.

"Oh! what are you doing here, dear Dean?" she asked.

"The pastor and I are hunting this morning and I saw this beautiful spot and walked in."

Unceremoniously he walked up the side of the bowl and pulled a book from a crevice of the rock.

"One of my books," he gasped, and turned a leaf and saw "Gladys Oldfield" written in a hand that he well knew—hers.

"I left it here the day my father was killed, and some one has put it in the rock," she explained, and then told him how she had loved the spot.

He whispered something to her as the pastor walked down into the bowl and handed the divine a slip of paper.

And there Gladys Oldfield became Dean Isom's wife.

On the 13th of October Mrs. Gladys Isom became the owner of a large fortune in Lexington. Mr. Oldfield was killed in an automobile accident.

He never learned who wrote that mysterious letter.

NOISY BUTTERFLIES.

One Species Produces a Sound Like the Snap of a Whip.

One does not think of butterflies as making any sounds, nor of caterpillars as noisy creatures, yet according to the late S. H. Scudder, in "Frail Children of the Air," the student will find some use for his ears when observing the habits of both. Says the author:

"It is a fact that certain butterflies produce sound during certain movements. The 'whip' butterfly when surprised makes a noise like the snap of a lash by opening and shutting its wings in quick succession. Some hibernating butterflies when disturbed make a faint hissing sound by slowly depressing and raising their wings. The noise thus produced resembles that made by blowing slowly through closed teeth. Other sounds resemble the friction of sandpaper."

KENTUCKY MINERALS.

The United States geological survey in a report on the mineral resources of the United States gave some interesting comparisons as to Kentucky's mineral output for the years 1908 and 1909.

In 1909 Kentucky was eighth in the production of coal, as compared with other states, and was tenth in rank in the value of coal output. The state was second in the percentage of machine-mined coal.

With the exception of lime and petroleum there was a gratifying increase in the value of the output of all mineral products. Kentucky's lime industry is small as compared with that of other states, and the output is fluctuating.

WHY THE SPIDER WAS THERE.

When Mark Twain in his early days was editor of a Missouri paper a superstitious subscriber wrote to him saying that he had found a spider in his paper and asking him whether that was a sign of good luck or bad. The humorist wrote him this answer:

"Old Subscriber—Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."

The rumbling and groaning train had been toiling along toward Winchester all through a hot afternoon. The stops had been frequent, but at last came one of unusual duration. After a tiresome interval, the conductor walked back through the mosquito-punctuated aisles until his glance met a sympathetic face. He bent over the kindly-looking passenger and whispered:

"Stranger, have you a bit of string about you? The engine's broke."

AND ALL OF THEM AMERICANS.

An English visitor has recently been expressing his wonderment at the facility with which America assimilates its stream of immigrants. A friend with whom he was talking on the subject, remarked: "My housemaid is a Norwegian, my grocer a Scotchman, my butcher is a German, my druggist is a Finn, my barber an Italian, my newsman a Jew, my laundryman is Irish, my fishmonger English, my florist Greek and my tailor Russian."

One hundred and fifty-two miles of passages in Mammoth Cave have been mapped.

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